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BLACK BUSTERS

ADULTS ONLY

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"My saucy nipples were nipped and munched by his angry mouth."

BIG mama

My chocolate whoppers knock those breast-freaks right on their ass! All I have to do is bounce by those horny boys and give them a little show and I have them right in the palm of my hand.

I love every minute of it because there is nothing like getting your stiff nipples sucked by a dude who wants the real thing!

Because my job takes me all over the country—I represent an international cosmetic firm—I am meeting all kinds of crazy people. Most of them are so hot for mammoth cocoa cones that they can barely see straight. They don't know what to do when I come on the scene.

Naturally I show them all off all the time. Even if I am making a visit to a so-called staid executive I let them all hang out. Why not? If you have the merchandise there is no sense in hiding it in a closet!

Out of habit I will start stroking my twin beauties whenever I get into an elevator. My mind is wandering and unconsciously I want to get those hot tits as hard as a rock as quickly as possible.

Lots of times hands reach out to grab my tits to see if they are real. I love to watch the expression on their face when they touch those twin titanic tits. It is like they are grabbing a couple of live wires. Suddenly a jolt of electricity shoots through their arms and they have to reel back to steady themselves for the next couple of minutes.

Baltimore is my favorite town. I have plenty of admirers there who are always waiting for my return. I don't have to say a word; somehow they all know I am in town. How they do that is still a mystery to me!

Never do I stay at the same hotel because I don't like someone pounding on my door in the middle of the night. (Of course this still happens and my heart starts pounding away. Soon I know that I will be parting my creamy mocha thighs for a rock-hard rock that wants to split my tight black pussy wide open. That can sure get a girl's blood racing in a hurry.)

There are a couple of clubs I always visit when I am in Baltimore. One is called the Back Alley and actually it looks just like its name. Even so I always get the kind of action I like. Plenty of raunchy truck drivers drop in all the time. They are so horny after being on the highway for about 48 hours that they will fuck right out in the middle of the dance floor. Well, I don't like

that kind of exhibitionism but nevertheless my pussy starts to tingle when I wander into the midst of that groping group.

A couple of times a fight will break out. Some people say I go out of my way to start one of these battles but that is not true. What I want is body action, not battling boys.

I always tell them that there is plenty of chocolate meat to go around. Sometimes that quiets them down but not too often unfortunately. They still want to test out their muscles. Boys will be boys, I suppose.

When a guy wants to munch on my tender mounds I have to put my foot down. Who likes to wake up the next morning with sore nipples? At the time it might feel like a million dollars but I sure have to pay the price later. If only there was a way of keeping those vicious teeth from making marks on the surface of my creamy boobs then I would probably go all the way.

After Baltimore I love to hang around St. Louis. Where all those hot dudes come from I will never know but they are sure there with lots of energy to spare. The workouts I get in that city are sometimes not to be believed. Sometimes I end up in the back of a van going about 80 through the back streets. Waiting for me will be about six other guys who love lots of lovely meat. All of a sudden they will pounce on me and my inflamed tits are taken over by the roughest rednecks in town.

Usually I stay an extra day in St. Louis because it takes that long to get Ben out of hiding. He wants to get his hands on my body when everyone else has had their turn. In this way I suppose he thinks that I will be more versatile. In a way he is right because I am certainly well lubricated by this time and my ass and pussy are wide open for deep banging.

There is always an extra surprise when Ben comes on the scene. Not that he is

into kinky sex but he sure has a weird technique that can suddenly turn me inside out. For instance, his tongue has a way of creeping up on my stiff nipples. Without warning it will curve around the edge and dart back and forth between my deep cleavage. That tiny trail of saliva left behind absolutely drives me crazy. He knows exactly what he is doing and he repeats the trip again and again. Each time, however, there is a little variation on the theme just to make it that much more interesting.

Also he knows all about the so-called Japanese torture trick. That has to do with stuffing silver balls up my vagina one at a time. They are all connected with silk cord and they are grad-

ually pulled out with a rhythm carefully established by the instigator.

During this episode the tables are turned. No longer am I in complete control even though my big tits are sticking straight out and being as regal as ever. This time Ben has his hand on the wheel and he is steering in the directions which are the most effective for himself.

It takes a lot of willpower to finally pull myself away from St. Louis. I know that I will be stopping there on the way back to the home office. Ben knows this too and he will have an extra wild session all ready for me.

Of course I have to produce for the company otherwise they will not sponsor these trips any longer. Since I am one of the top representatives I don't have to worry too much. But there is always someone right on your heels so you can't be too complacent or you might soon be out the front door.

In dealing with the buyers I use all my talents and that includes those two beauties that are always sticking straight out in front of me. When I come into the office I always take a deep breath to make sure I am pointing in the right direction.

The Return Of

SABRINA

Sure I had to come back to show up all those other phonies who say they have a set of whoppers bigger than me. Well, take a look and see which one of us is telling the truth. There isn't another set of boobs like that in the country. I can say that because secretly I have been looking around for the last couple of years.

And let me tell you also that there is nothing unnatural about the size of my giant tits. Everything you see is absolutely real right down to the curve of my creamy cones. Of course I do take lots of vitamins and I have sex at least three times a day but what girl in her right mind wouldn't do the same thing to keep herself all together?

Also I have an exercise regime that is tough. In the morning I jog for about six miles. Those mocha monsters of mine are flapping in the breeze and all that oxygen blows them up for the day's activities. There is nothing unnatural about that. All that clean air is nec-

essary to keep the cells of the body clean and growing.

Right after my run I do some added exercise on my gym mattress. Usually by this time I have a friend who wants to work out with me. He will have at least eight inches between his legs to make sure that my moist cunt hole is neatly split open. This is one way to get the sunlight inside and you can't start the day better than that.

With my legs up in the air I can take lots of deep breaths. Of course when he empties all that hot male sperm deep inside my box I have to stop breathing for a few seconds and squirm like mad. All that bubbling juice has to be spread out or my poor pussy will go up in flames.

Once the morning exercise is over it is down to business. As a fashion designer I have to get my head together fast because there are plenty of people who want to take over my position at Benton's. I am always aware of the competition and I don't resent it. Actually that kind of pressure keeps me on my toes and I know I have to come up with new ideas all the time. Of course I use myself as the perfect model. It is true that no one possesses my measurements—regardless of what other jealous babes might scream out all the time—but even so I get a lot of inspiration from those majestic mounds and that is all that counts.

Often I will parade back and forth before a full-length mirror to study the thrilling contour of those creamy chocolate cones.

Some people might say that I am obsessed by my own measurements but that is not entirely true. All I want to do is touch my own tender tits and titillate my twat for some serious finger fucking later on that day.

You never know when an inspiration will come your way. Fashion is constantly changing and no one knows for sure in what direction it will go. Big tits are in but who can come up with them? In a natural way, of course. There are plenty of designers who are featuring padding but that leads to a deadend in more ways than one.

As soon as I have completed my assignments I am out to have fun. That means I will be stripping down for all the boys. They love to see a pair of hot boobs bouncing right in front of them. There are no secrets when you take it all off and let those whoppers hang out for all to see.

More and more there are places a girl can go to show it all off. Some of the bars on the East Coast are now featuring topless customers instead of performers who strip down for action. There is one club by the name of Boobs Forever that recently opened up in Trenton. I have a feeling that it is going to become very popular. It sure beats playing pool in the afternoon!

Too bad so many girls are jealous of my mammoth measurements. If they worked as hard as me maybe they could stick out a pair of whoppers with pride. You don't get something for nothing in this world. Unless you learn that in a hurry you are going to be in big trouble.